

ing promises. If I didn't love him I would have whipped him, too.

"But I do love him. I love him very dearly. I love him so much that—"

The desk sergeant lifted a weary face from his hands.

"Stop it," he said. "Stop it. Miss O'Connell, what do you know about this woman's husband and her great love for him?"

"Why, I know Mr. Steel very well," said Miss O'Connell. "But I know him better now than I did some time ago.

"We were great friends. You see, I thought he was a widower until quite recently.

"He was very original in his ways. All last summer when he came to see me, he used to bring the children along. I never went out with him last summer except when the children were along.

"We had great times together. We went to amusement parks. We were just like a family. The children often spoke of a 'grandmother' at home. I thought she was a regular grandmother.

"And then I found out that Mr. Steel wasn't a widower at all, but a regular husband, and that the grandmother wasn't a grandmother at all, but a regular mother.

"Then I dropped Mr. Steel."

The desk sergeant turned to Mrs. Steel.

"Well, if this woman had dropped your husband what did you want to go and horsewhip her for?" he demanded.

"I love my husband," said Mrs.

Steel. "I love him very dearly. I love him so much that—"

"Nix," said the desk sergeant, "nix! You've said that half a dozen times already. In fact, you've made it clear to me that you loved your husband to the extent of a disorderly conduct charge. Take 'em away—both of 'em. Then go out an' get this widower-husband Steel. I want to talk to him."

Mrs. Steel and Miss O'Connell were duly charged with disorderly conduct. Steel was arrested on the same charge.

"What have you to say?" demanded the desk sergeant of Steel.

"Oh, it's all a mistake," said Steel. "I love my wife. I love her—"

"Here!" yelled the desk sergeant. "Cut that out! Now tell me what you know about Miss O'Connell, and never mind how much you love your wife."

"Well, I used to go out with Miss O'Connell a good deal last summer. I always took my children along. My wife knew all about it. I love my—"

"Stop that now!" said the desk sergeant. "Is it true that you allowed Miss O'Connell to think you a widower?"

"Why, no," said Steel, looking shocked. "The idea! I love my—"

"Take 'em away," said the desk sergeant.

In court Mrs. Steel once more told how she loved her husband. Miss O'Connell repeated that she had thought Steel a widower.